

1. K. Leade couragious Cofin.

1. 2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

*A great noife within crying, run, save hold:*

*Enter in haft a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

*Enter Pirithous in hafte.*

*Pir.* Hold hoa: It is a curfed haft you made

If you have done fo quickly: noble *Palamon*,

The gods will shew their glory in a life.

That thou art yet to leade.

*Pal.* Can that be,

When *Venus* I have faid is falfe? How doe things fare?

*Pir.* Arife great Sir, and give the tydings eare

That are moft early sweet, and bitter.

*Pal.* What

Hath wakt us from our dreame?

*Pir.* Lift then: your Cofen

Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*

Did firft beftow on him, a blacke one, owing

Not a hayre worth of white, which some will fay

Weakens his price, and many will not buy

His goodneffe with this note: Which superstition

Heere findes allowance: On this horfe is *Arcite*

Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*

Did rather tell, then trample; for the horfe

Would make his length a mile, if 't pleas'd his Rider

To put pride in him: as he thus went counting

The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th Musicke

His owne hoofes made; (for as they fay from iron

Came Musickes origen) what envious Flint,

Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him poffest

With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke

Or what feirce sulphur else, to this end made,

I comment not; the hot horfe, hot as fire

Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what disorder

His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,

Forgets schoole doeing, being therein traird,

And of kind mannage, pig-like he whines

At

At the sharpe Rowell, which he freats at rather

Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule meanes

Of boyftrous and rough Iadrie, to dif-seate

His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,

When neither Curb would cracke, girth breake nor diffing

Dis-roote his Rider whence he gre w, but that

He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes

on end he stands

That *Arcites* legges being higher then his head

Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victorios wreath

Even then fell off his head: and presently

Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze

Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he living,

But such a yeffell tis, that floates but for

The surge that next approaches: he much desires

To have some speech with you: Lo he appeares.

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.*

*Pal.* O miserable end of our alliance

The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,

Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:

Give me thy last words, I am *Palamon*,

One that yet loves thee dying.

*Arc.* Take *Emilia*

And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,

Farewell: I have told my last houre; I was falfe,

Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cofen:

One kisse from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:

Take her: I die.

*Pal.* Thy brave soule seeke *Elizium*.

(thee,

*Emil.* Ile close thine eyes Prince; blessed soules be with

Thou art a right good man, and while I live,

This day I give to teares.

*Pal.* And I to honour.

*Thef.* In this place first you fought: ev'n very here

I sundred you, acknowledge to the gods

Our thanks that you are living:

His part is playd, and though it were too short

He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,

The